

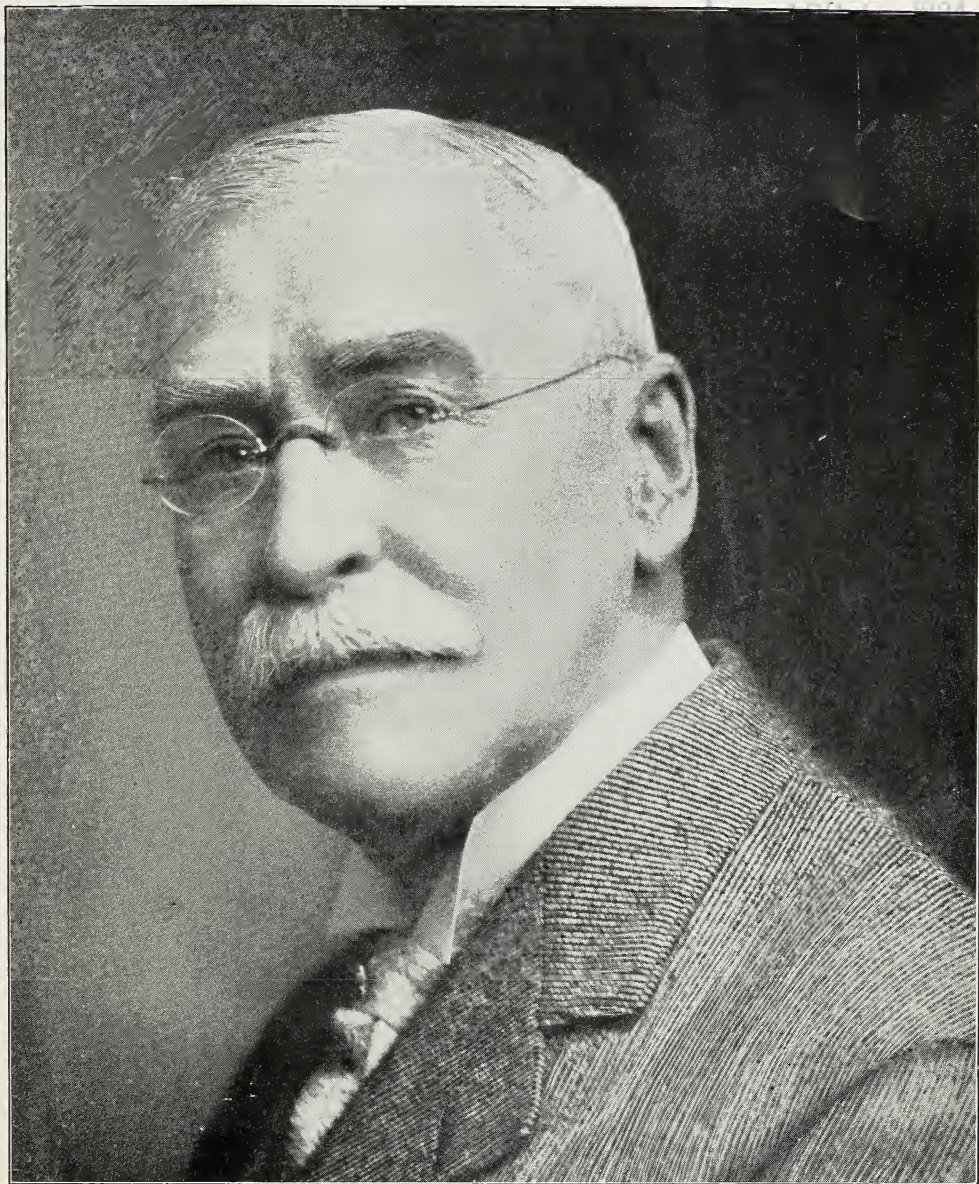
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How We Made The Old Farm Pay

By CHARLES A. GREEN, Rochester, N. Y.



How A Farmer Boy Succeeded in Fruit Growing

Personal Experience That Should be Helpful to Others

Twenty-five Years as a Boy on the Farm, Fifteen Years as a City Banker

Forty Years of Successful Fruit Growing

Four of Our Specialties of Highest Quality:

THE NEW SYRACUSE RASPBERRY

THE NEW CACO GRAPE

THE NEW BOSCH PEAR

THE NEW ROCHESTER PEACH



The Fruit Garden is a Joy Forever.—
I delight in the fruit garden located
at the rear of my city home. Here I
have a few grape vines, a few peach
trees, a few pear trees, rows of straw-
berry and Syracuse raspberry, also five

cherry trees. These few trees furnish
fruit enough not only for myself but for
my neighbors and relatives. I pass
these trees daily on the way to my office
and daily wonder why everybody does
not have a similar fruit garden.

**Growing Trees, Plants and Vines
for Forty Years**



INTRODUCTION

My object in giving my experience as a boy on the farm, as a business man in the city, and, again, as a fruit-grower, is not to boast of the very modest success which I have attained, but to be helpful to others, who are continually asking: What can we do to make the farm more profitable?

Surely, I have solved this problem for myself. I have made a run-down farm, exhausted of fertility and dilapidated in every way, remarkably profitable through a series of years when great depression prevailed throughout the farming community. I have done

this as a city man, leaving the counting-house and going back into the country, from which I originally came. This also teaches that years of city life need not necessarily detract from the possibility of success when one returns to rural life.

My aim in referring to my childhood on the farm is with the hope that parents may draw some useful lessons therefrom, and that, perhaps, some of them now living in cities, may be induced to remove to the country as a means of making life enjoyable, not only to themselves, but to their children.

From Banking to Fruit Growing

By Charles A. Green

I thank God that I was born on the farm and that I spent the first twenty-five years of my life there amid happy surroundings. To the questioning eyes of childhood nature is an open Pandora box. I do not think that child life on the farm has ever been adequately interpreted or described. It is too elusive, too vague, too near to God.

My father and mother were devoted to their children of whom I was the youngest. Though I worked, it was not the labor of compulsion but of choice, a desire to do my part. I loved my work, therefore it was in a measure like playing.

The city man may not believe me when I tell him that in my twenty-five years' experience on the farm I learned to do a hundred or more things that a city boy is seldom taught. Necessity, the mother of invention, makes of the practical farmer, to a moderate extent, a mechanic, a carpenter, a plowman, a poultryman, a veterinarian, a tinker, a judge of fruits and animals, a planter of orchards and other fruits, a hunter and fisherman, a student of soils, climate and weather, a horseman.

He also learns the value of money, something that is difficult to teach the city boy. I have sometimes thought that the success of Cincinnatus, who was called from the plow to save his country, was in part due to his knowledge of the many things that he had learned upon the farm.

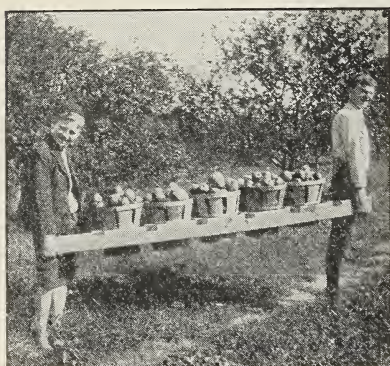
The first money that I can remember earning on the homestead was from a bed of strawberries which ripened on Commencement day when the town was filled with visitors. My fruit sold readily at high prices. I returned home happy with the cash jingling in my pocket.

My father allowed me to make small investments in pigs and cattle, in sheep and poultry. While yet a small boy I gathered together a herd of cattle and sold the entire lot to one man for nearly a thousand dollars, which was the largest enterprise I had ever ventured into up to that date.

Years after on a hot day in August I was running the reaper through a wheat field over the hilly lot of the old homestead. The sun was setting and it was about time to quit work when

I looked down the road and recognized that my brother, a banker, and his wife were approaching. They stopped in the shade of a big maple. I noticed the contrast between myself, grimy and greasy after a hot day's work with my reaper, and my brother and his wife dressed in fashionable clothing, driving a stylish equipage, but even this contrast did not dispel my enthusiasm for the farm. Great was my surprise when my brother said: "You will have to get someone else to run that machine after this."

"How is that?" said I.



Scene in the Peach Orchard

"Why," he replied, "we need you in the bank at Rochester."

"What have you for me to do there?" I asked.

"At the present we want a clerk and if you make good you can work up to be our cashier. We want you because we believe we can trust you."



The Call to the City. I am going backward a step to relate an incident that happened when I was a child upon the farm attending an old cobblestone schoolhouse on a knoll in the open country miles from any village. One morning while the school children were waiting for the bell to call them to school, our attention was attracted to a horseman coming down the slope toward the schoolhouse. We were told that this boy had been a protege of a wealthy farmer for several years and that the rich farmer had given the boy a beautiful bay horse which he was now riding towards us, a new bridle and saddle, and new

clothes, and that the boy was starting out for himself in the great world of affairs.

The horseman and his equipment made a lasting impression upon my mind. I watched him with dreamy eyes as he climbed the hill on the highway towards the city and to success or failure, a road which sooner or later I imagined myself traveling.

Not long after that I bade good-bye to the farm, father and mother willing I should go, believing it to be for my advancement, but it was with reluctance that I left the berry patch, the orchard and the vineyard that I had planted, and took the stage for the city.



Temptations I need not dwell upon
Come to the life of the farmer's
Farmer Boy. boy in the city. I was
surrounded with vice
and temptation at every turn, greatly increased by the assumption that my association in the bank meant that I was a man of affairs. Vice did not have attractions for me. I kept up my relation with the church, which I considered a great advantage. My companions were orderly and helpful and I received steady advancement in banking.

When twenty-six years old I organized a bank. When the first meeting of the trustees was held I lacked only one vote of being elected secretary and treasurer. Modesty prevented my attending this first meeting. A wily maneuverer stated that he was confident that Mr. Green was the choice of the board, but how fine it would be if this election could be entirely unanimous. After weeks of intriguing another candidate was finally introduced and I was defeated. Years later I was elected a trustee of this bank, which now controls many millions of dollars, a position which I now hold.

After several years of banking experience came the financial panic of 1873. There are many reasons why I should not forget this date. I was on my wedding tour in New York city when the crash came with the failure of Jay Cook, the banker, who was connected with the Northern Pacific railroad, then in process of construction. I hastened home, knowing that the bank with which I was connected must pass through a trying ordeal.

At the Farm Again. This panic of 1873 caused the ruin of many business men. I was one of the unfortunates, therefore feeling the necessity of engaging in some new enterprise, I approaching the head of a large department store who was a neighbor and friend, asking him if he could give me work to do in his establishment. My friend hesitated a few moments and then replied that he had no position open for me in his store, where he employed perhaps a thousand men and women, many of them in ordinary positions. This was like a blow in the solar plexus. Like most young men I was a little conceited and here I was told that I was not qualified to sell ribbons or spools of thread or men's suitings or boots and shoes. I entered the store hopefully and departed in gloom. I not only had a wife and babe to support, but my father and mother and other relatives were dependent upon my doing something that would bring me a living wage.

As I look back upon these two great disappointments in my life, being refused work in the department store and being shut out from the bank which I had organized, I feel that instead of being calamities they were really blessings, for I am confident if I had succeeded in securing either of these positions I would have been dead and buried many years ago, whereas my outdoor life makes me now a healthy man at the age of seventy-eight years.

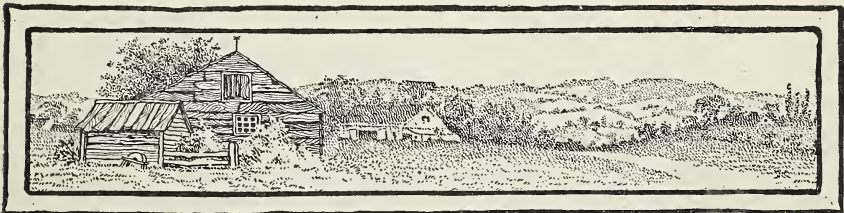
When I found no opening for me in the city, I naturally turned my thoughts backward to my farm experience after fifteen years behind a bank counter.

I put myself in the hands of a real estate dealer and soon found a farm that was mortgaged for about all it was worth, although I did not know at the time that it was worth but

little more than this mortgage. In order to secure possession of this farm I was compelled to deed over Western timber land which had been in the family for many years but had never brought any revenue. This new farm, which I was to make my home, was about twelve miles from the city of Rochester.

I was glad to close the contract although I made a poor bargain, that is I virtually threw away the seven hundred acres of timber land, which has since become of value, but I now had a farm and this farm gave me a home and house. I did secure something valuable in the exchange of real estate, consisting of a flock of sheep and other valuable assets, about which I have almost forgotten, but which were a substantial help in starting my fruit farm. This was the way I figured: If I continued to live in the city I would have to pay \$400 or \$500 yearly for house rent, but if I were living on a farm I would not only have a house but a farm of over one hundred acres of fertile land. Can you not see how much I was relieved in coming into possession of this farm, though it was run down, owing to a series of years of leases to different men who were simply bound at robbing the soil of its native fertility and putting nothing back to enrich it?

You may be sure that I made careful investigation of the soil before I made the deal that gave me possession of this farm, which was located about fifteen miles from the old homestead where I was born and where I spent the first twenty-five years of my life. I took a spade and dug down into the subsoil, being satisfied that this soil was just what I wanted, naturally fertile and of the right texture, not too sandy, not too clayey, a perpetual spring brook running through it.





Strawberries, the Poetry of Fruit

**Planning
for the
Fruit Farm.**

I took possession of the new farm during the winter months, therefore I had time to make plans as to what I should do. The serious problem was how to get along during the first few years without much of any capital, practically nothing. Securing the advice of a man of experience, I planned to plant upon this farm, as soon as spring opened, a small plantation of raspberries, blackberries, cur-

rants, gooseberries, strawberries, an apple orchard, a peach orchard, some quince trees, dwarf pear trees and grape vines.

I did not at the time inquire much into the character of the neighbors or of the farm's proximity to a church or school, as I should have done. Both of these subjects are of vital importance in buying a farm, but I would have accepted this farm even if its location

had been undesirable. But the location was desirable, as I found later, except that it was not on a main highway. Our neighbors were christian people and we soon became very much attached to them.

Though I had been fortunate enough to have twenty-five years' experience on the farm where I was born, and some experience with fruit growing there, I could not consider myself an experienced fruit grower, therefore I desired to start slowly. I had planned to start my fruit growing in a small way, intending to propagate my own strawberry, raspberry and blackberry plants, and my own fruit trees, not only as a means of saving money but to gain experience in every branch of the business. By this process I had great advantage over the man who starts without experience in large plantations, for my failures were small therefore not disastrous, whereas the man who starts with a large orchard or large plantations without experience is subject to very serious losses that might land him in bankruptcy.

As the winter faded away and I began to see signs of spring, I prepared to occupy the farm house and make needed though not expensive repairs, leaving my wife and baby in the city meanwhile. My experience during these lonesome days might be interesting, but I have not space to dwell upon them further than to say that one rainy day in March I drove to the railroad station four miles away to meet my wife with the babe in her arms and place her in possession of the new farm, of which she knew so little. The mud was almost deep enough to reach to the hubs of my wagon as my horse, which had cost me \$25 at an auction, plodded his way slowly to the railroad station. My wife, who was a beautiful and accomplished city girl, eighteen years old, knowing nothing of the farm, wept as she saw the prospects of a gloomy ride to an uninviting home, for I had not deceived her. I told her the farm was on a back road where few people traveled, and that it was in a run down condition, "but," I added, "I have great hopes of the future." When this young wife left that farm fifteen years later, she cried again because she was compelled to leave the farm home which she had learned to love, and neighbors whom she had learned to respect and honor.

A Side Issue. The financial problem during the first year or two was of necessity uppermost in my mind. Finally my eyes and imagination turned to something that perhaps few would have considered or thought of. Upon this new farm was a timber tract. It was black muck soil and was well supplied with old cedar trees. Here my knowledge of timber and farming came in helpfully. I knew that cedar lumber was valuable for fence rails, fence stakes and fence posts, and my thought was to get out this material from the swamp land during the first winter. I had to build roadways of evergreen boughs and slabs so that my horses would not become stalled in the mire. The frost of winter helped me somewhat to firm the soil and made it possible for me to get in and haul out the trees. I had no particular reason to anticipate that there was an active demand for fence rails, fence posts and stakes among neighboring farmers. This demand had not been noticeable in previous years nor has it since been conspicuous, but it applied to that particular hour and day. This material was sold at a profit and the revenue tided me over the lean years.

While in the city I missed the vigorous outdoor life that I had led for many years upon the homestead farm, therefore my digestion was impaired and I had a delicate appearance. If you were to surmise that this hauling out of rails and stakes and posts from the swamp that winter helped my digestion and general health, you need not guess again. As the old expression goes, I could have digested ten penny nails while drawing out these posts during the blasting cold weather of the first winter on the new farm. The horse that bore most of the burden in drawing out the posts was almost blind. I felt guilty in exposing him to the dangers of becoming mired in the swamp. Sometimes the poor creature would get off the track a little and down he would go in the muck, but soon he was up again valiantly.



Old Bill Speedy on the Home Finish. Here is something peculiar in my experience with horses: Old Bill, this almost blind horse, when going away from home on a journey, could not by any possibility be constrained to jog along at a pace faster than a crawl. He would proceed

so slowly as to embarrass the passengers. No amount of whipping or clubbing proved successful in getting any speed from that horse. But strange to relate, when we reached the end of the journey, which most often was the village postoffice, that frolicsome Old Bill would start for home with a speed that frightened everybody in the wagon and really was a dangerous gait over the rough roads.

One night I was coming home from the village, and suddenly it became as dark as Erebus. My wife and babe were with me and Old Bill was drawing the carriage. I had never before known Old Bill to be frightened, but on this occasion he was frightened out of his wits by the crash of the thunder and the blinding flashes of lightning, which seemed to be striking in every direction around us. At one point the road had been graded to a high pitch, and suddenly we felt our carriage descending into the ditch. Then came a blinding flash of lightning and we saw that Old Bill's nose was resting upon a stone wall at the side of the road. Knowing that it was dangerous to proceed further, I alighted and led the old horse in order to keep him in the roadway.



Pigs Are Funny But Not Poetic. During my boyhood days on the homestead farm, as I have stated, my father encouraged me to make private deals, therefore every spring when a child I would search the country round for a mother pig and her little ones. I cannot remember that I ever paid my father anything for the corn my pigs ate. All I can recall is that my pig business on the homestead farm was profitable, therefore I imagine that my father made no charge for the corn the pigs ate, but the memory of profits on pork ever clung to me, therefore after I moved to a new farm after my city experience in a bank, my imagination turned to pigs, and thus pigs we had in large numbers.

Speaking of horses reminds me of the fact that when I wanted a horse, a harness, a wagon, a cultivator or a plow in those early days, I did not go to the city but attended auctions of neighboring farmers. While I cannot advise those who have plenty of money to buy second-hand tools and other equipment, auction sales are convenient for those who are short of money, as I was. I

remember one strong and efficient horse that cost me \$20 at a private sale of a neighbor. Another thing I remember is an old lumber wagon, which was very strong but so heavy it was almost a load for two horses of itself before anything transportable was put aboard.

Even before the first spring opened I had decided to accept the offer of an English family to occupy the tenant house upon the new farm and to manage the ordinary farming department of my enterprise. The industrious men of this family plowed and sowed much like the average tenant farmer. I reserved a twelve acre field for the commencement of my fruit planting. It was on this twelve acre field that I planted the first year my apple orchard, my peach orchard, my dwarf pears, my grape vines and berry bushes.

Not finding the pork business so profitable as it was when I was a child on the homestead farm, and finding fruit growing more profitable than pig raising, I soon abandoned the pigs for more pleasurable occupation of mind and body.

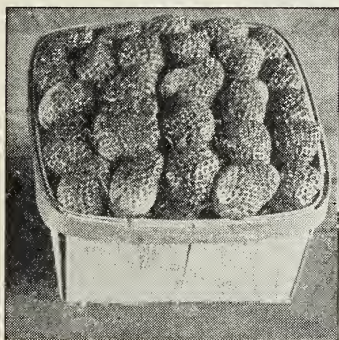
They tell the story of one festive pig that was found daily in the cornfield but they could not find the place where he entered in his destructive mission. Finally, partially hidden under the shrubbery, a hollow log was discovered. All the pig had to do when he wanted to make an excursion into the cornfield was to enter the log, which was barely large enough to admit of his safe passage. Then it was decided to play a trick upon the pig. The hollow log was removed from its position so that both the entrance and the exit left the pig in the same yard as that from which he started. Mr. Pig was confused by this strategic proceeding and befogged mentally. After making several attempts through the log without success in gaining the cornfield, he gave several grunts and dashed away to meet his fellows in another part of the yard.



Something New Under the Sun. At the date of which I am writing, that is 1875, there was scarcely any small fruit grown among farmers. By the way, farmers were having a hard time at that date. I can recall numerous instances where many of the older and more influential and

wealthy farmers, or supposed to be wealthy, were driven into bankruptcy owing to low prices or bad management. When the neighboring farmers heard that a city man had come into the locality to grow berries, they smiled and said they would give him six months to go back again to the city. They did not have the least confidence in my venture in growing fruits, especially the small fruits such as strawberries, raspberries, etc. They said the farm was too far away from the city, being twelve miles away. But I had investigated this question before I entered into the enterprise. I found that small fruits in the city were somewhat a drug at that time but that the farm houses and the villages were poorly supplied, therefore I have not in the major part of my experience sold much of my small fruit in the city, finding a ready market for it in half a dozen villages and through the farming community. Of late years I sell more in the city as I produce more, but I continue my sales in the rural districts.

But when I first started the farmers hardly seemed to know what raspberries were of the high type which I offered them. Sometimes I would call at a farmer's house and show the lady a basket of most beautiful red raspberries. The housewife would look longingly at the fruit but would shake her head, assuring me thus that she could not afford the expenditure at twelve cents a quart.



One day in June I was peddling my berries in the village of Caledonia, twenty miles south of Rochester. My practice was to stop at every house, carrying to the dwelling a quart of

tempting strawberries. In order to give some idea of my enthusiasm, which I regard as one of the sources of my success, I will state that I hardly realized that I was engaged in lowly work. What I fully realized was that I was endeavoring to make a success of life and an attempt to provide for those who were dependent upon me. Thus one day as I came out of the house with my quart of berries in my hand



Who Forgets Blackberry Pie?

a wealthy city man passed in his beautiful equipage and I recalled that he had but a few months before placed in my hands many thousand dollars for the purchase of bonds and other securities. This awakened me to a realization of my humble position before the public and before my friends, who did not share my enthusiasm in fruit culture. They were wise in their conjectures, for it is not easy for a man to rise financially after a downfall. I would feel myself lacking in sincerity if I did not set forth this fact in plain terms. It is hard to succeed in any event but particularly hard after you have had a disaster.

One day I was wearing my old, worn out clothing and was engaged in cleaning out a pig pen in one corner of a cellar. Covered with perspiration, I saw approaching a city friend who had known me in my banking days in the city. He came up to the pig pen and resting his arms on the rails inquired how I was getting along, somewhat to my embarrassment.

I had great difficulty in keeping the pigs out of the cornfield. This was before the pigs were beginning to fatten and at a time when these pigs could outrun a race horse. The moment a gate was opened or a pair of bars was lowered, these race horse pigs would

dart out and dodge into the cornfield a means of exercise which the pigs seemed fully to appreciate. On certain occasions I would be so vexed with their persistency I would arm myself with a club and attempt to hit them over the head, but never succeeded in doing much damage. On one occasion a big pig ran between my legs in order to escape through the gate into the cornfield, and upset my balance.



**What I
Advise Others
to Do Situated
as I Was.**

When I read of great successes in fruit growing, of instances where phenomenal yields were secured and great profit in growing fruits, I have grave fears that by these glowing reports others with less experience in working the soil than I possessed may be misled. It is not every man who succeeds notably in fruit growing, no matter how much enthusiasm he may have or how much energy or thrift he may possess. Some deny that there is such a thing as luck, but I am not one of these. I believe there is good luck and bad luck. A man may begin fruit growing with great expectations and limited capital, and a blighting frost may occur in late spring, destroying the blossoms. Such was the case with my strawberries and other small fruits. One day there was a promise of a magnificent crop, but the next morning a large part of the blossoms on my strawberry plantation were

blasted. As I wandered about my berry plantation on such a gloomy morning perhaps you can imagine my feelings. I had depended so much upon these strawberries and they had been so promising. When I looked upon their blackened faces I imagined they were turned up to me eloquently expressing sympathy.

I found that the strawberry plants adjoining a large piece of woodland on two sides of the berry field were not at all injured by this late spring frost. This is a peculiar experience. My explanation is that the warm air from the woodland passed out onto the margin of the strawberry field, thus preserving this part of the crop so protected.

I have ever considered strawberries as the poor man's anchor, owing to the fact that they come into fruiting earlier than anything else in the way of fruit and that they are ever in demand at profitable prices. They are the poor man's hope, because a man who has simply a garden patch may receive a revenue that will carry him safely through the year. He need not employ any help outside of his own family, who can assist in the planting, in the hoeing, in the cultivating and in the picking. This poor man will find purchasers among his neighbors or among the villagers, or if he has more to sell he can hire a horse, if he does



The Great New Red Raspberry called Syracuse, introduced by C. A. Green and recommended by him.

not own one, and go a little farther for his market. It is the same with the raspberry, the blackberry, the currant and the grape. Strawberry growing is the poetry of fruit growing. What so promising as a bed of strawberries filled with the white bloom? What is so beautiful as the bright red berries half concealed through the foliage? What is more tempting to the purchaser or what is more healthful or enjoyable?



**What Fruits
Are Most
Profitable?**

Small fruits are more reliable than the larger fruits inasmuch as they bear fruit nearly every year if under good cultivation, whereas the apple often has its unproductive or off year. The same is true of peaches, plums and less so of cherries. But whatever we undertake we should consider possibility of failure of a crop. If we expect every year to be a fruitful and prosperous year, we are almost sure to be disappointed at times.

As regards large yields and great

profits, these should not be expected from anyone who cultivates the soil, for there is no monopoly in fruit growing. Anybody and everybody can undertake it. It is the successful crop, the unprecedented crop, I fear will tempt the novice to expect too much. Better expect a moderate crop, which is the average crop, than to expect something that does not occur except on rare occasions under most favorable circumstances.

Next to late spring frosts, which I consider the most serious of all to the small fruits, is the season of drought such as prevailed in Western New York the past summer. No rain fell in twenty-five days in June. The earth was parched. While this drought seriously affected the yield of raspberries, strawberries and other small fruits, growth continued where frequent cultivation was given. The thing to do in a dry spell is to cultivate and then cultivate and then cultivate some more, meanwhile waiting for a change for the better in the rainfall.



An Autumn Scene on Many New York Farms.

Sharing the Pleasures of Rural Life. When I moved onto the run down farm I did not ask myself whether this remarkable change

would result in adding happiness to my life. I was like a drowning man stretching forth his hand to catch a straw. I was willing to undertake almost anything without regard to the discomfort, and my wife shared this feeling. But if you had asked my wife whether the fifteen years passed on the farm were pleasant or otherwise, she would say that they were the happiest years of her life, and I can say as much of my own happiness.

We were located about a mile from a little hamlet, not large enough to be worthy of the name village. There were a church, a grist mill, a blacksmith's shop, a schoolhouse, a postoffice and general store, and about twenty-five dwellings in this hamlet. You might expect that we would take but little interest in such a place as I have attempted to describe, but strange to relate we did take great interest in it and did everything we could to promote sociability, culture and good feeling throughout the community.

I was elected trustee of the village school and was interested in securing good teachers and in the progress of the pupils. As winter approached I was instrumental in starting a Chautauqua circle. We had a course of lectures. One of these was by a noted astronomer. We started a Christian Endeavor society. I was the first secretary of a Y. M. C. A. in the hamlet. I was a warm friend of the pastor and his wife who were superior people. I was often invited to the homes of neighboring farmers, at which this pastor was usually present. I can assure the reader that the average intelligence of the people whom we met in this farming community was equal to that in a city community. It is a mistake to assume that because a man is a farmer that he is not intelligent and well-read.

A brass band was organized in the hamlet, which did much to add to the life of the community. This band was uniformed. Its music was inspiring. When Fourth of July came around we had callithumpian parades, at which of course, the band was a prominent feature. All sorts of comical schemes were adopted to make this a pleasurable event. Ice cream and lemonade

were offered by the ladies in the afternoon and evening, creating a fund for carpeting the church.

We had a singing school taught by an efficient master. This developed the singing ability of a very beautiful girl of the village, who for many years occupied a leading place in the choir.

One season the teacher, whom as trustee I had employed and who was now teaching in a neighboring village, brought all of his troupe to our hamlet and gave a concert and exhibition.

My wife and I were so deeply interested in these events that we could not think of missing one of the entertainments or lectures. Was it not something surprising that we could leave a large city with all its varied attractions and become absorbed in the entertainments or enterprises of a little hamlet such as Clifton?



Things Coming My Way. If you have an automobile there are many things you can do with it in the way of business and pleasure.

The same is true if you have a valuable horse. If you have a farm there are many things you can do with that besides ordinary farming or fruit growing. For instance, you can go into the poultry business or into improved cattle breeding, or in breeding superior horses, sheep or swine.

Naturally while I was interested deeply in my fruit growing experience, I was led into something that I anticipated would add to my revenue aside from the farming and fruit growing. I began by propagating my own strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, currant and gooseberry plants, my grape vines and my orchard trees for my own planting. This led to the propagation of plants, trees and vines for others than myself. I was astonished at the steady growth of this propagating business, which ultimately far outrivaled the fruit growing department and the farming department. In this way the receipts from the new farm of 134 acres, and of other lands which we obtained nearby, increased, the total sales after a time amounting to unexpected sums, but still we continued fruit growing in every branch and found it profitable.

I remember the first night that I passed in this old farm-house. I came up on the cars to the neighboring depot, and walked over to the farm across lots. I did not know any person within twelve miles of this farm. I was not aware whether my neighbors were horsethieves, murderers or church-going people. I knew nothing about the character of the inhabitants. When I arrived at the place there was not a soul there. The tenant had removed and I was alone in possession. Not entirely alone, as I found soon afterwards, for I heard the rats scampering in the walls overhead.

It was a cold, bleak, windy March evening when I arrived. There was no stove put up. I had a cot in one corner of the room where I proposed to spend the night. In this old-fashioned house there were numerous brick grates, such as our forefathers had used; in the kitchen, which I was occupying, were the ancient andirons and cranes. To make things more cheerful, I had gathered together chunks of wood and soon had a fire blazing in the old fireplace.

Then the wind began to increase. I never knew the wind to rise so rapidly and to blow so fiercely. I discovered that window lights were out of almost every window sash in the house, and as the wind began to pour in I was compelled to make plans for better protection. In the course of an hour I discovered enough old straw and felt hats, etc., to stuff into every broken window-pane in my room. These had to be braced with sticks to hold them in place. As the wind continued to rise, the blinds banged and the windows rattled in their frames. The loose shingles on the roof seemed to be keeping time to the storm without. The winds moaned dolefully around the gable of the house. The branches of the trees scraped hoarsely against the building, and, to add to all, numerous rats began to scratch and scramble in the adjoining walls. I confess it was a dismal night that I passed in this house for the first time. Supposing these neighbors should fancy that I was a man of some wealth and should choose to cut my throat during the night, throw me into the well and escape with the ill-gotten booty. Very pleasant thoughts on which to fall asleep! Nevertheless I did fall asleep, and was awakened during the night

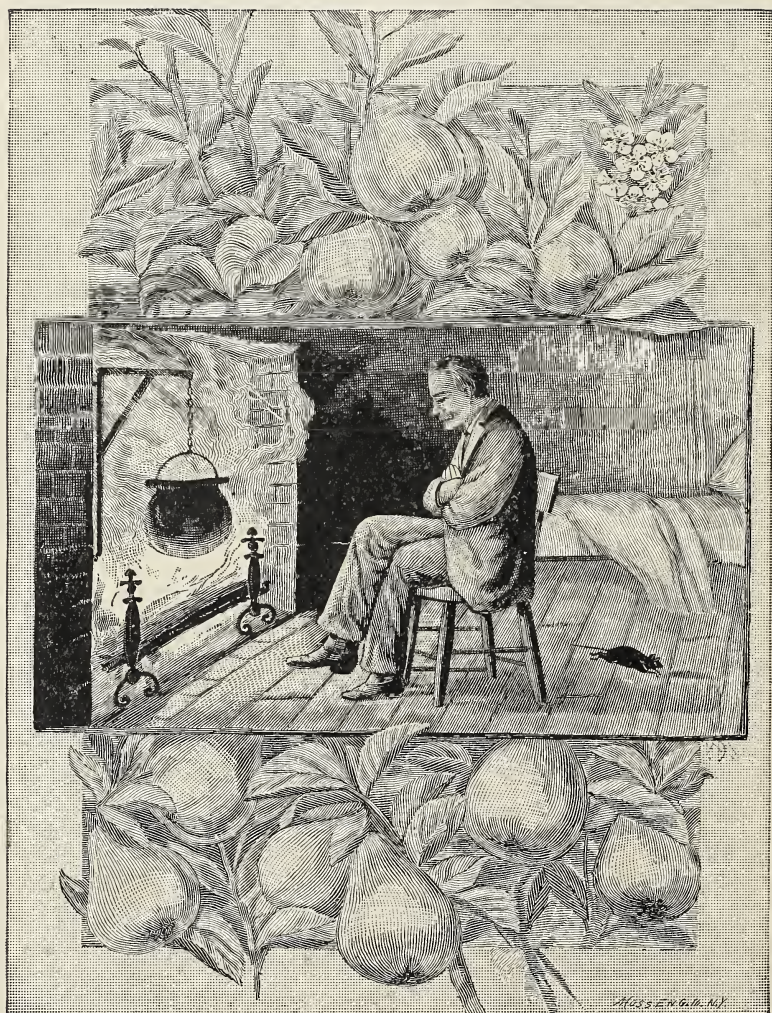
by the rats, which had increased in boldness until they passed over the bed with great complacency.

Then I bolstered myself partly upright in my cot and began to think. The more I thought the less sleepy I became. The partly-burned chunks of knotty wood and the coals beneath sent out a feeble light. I could see the smoke rising lazily in the broad black throat of the ancient fireplace. What a story this hearth-stone could unfold, of fifty years of toil and patient waiting of old time inhabitants! Of husbands and wives overworked for the little gain that each year brought them. Of births and deaths; of weddings and funerals; of Thanksgiving gatherings, of winter evening frolics.

Perchance before this fireplace many honest words of love were spoken, and many troths pledged. Where now are the many people who have in years gone by gathered here to be warmed and cheered? Most of them are sleeping in their graves. The hands which laid those bricks against which the smoke is curling have long ago crumbled to dust. The blacksmith who shaped those rough andirons will never make the anvil ring again with his noisy hammer.

What business have I here? Was this broad acreage cleared of rocks and stumps for me? Did the builder of this house have me in mind when he laid these foundations? No; it is but an inn for me, and I a traveler on life's highway, simply stopping over for a night. By and by others will come and warm themselves here, and I far away. What a queer thing is life! We live not for ourselves alone; we build for others; we dig and delve that others may reap. Even our ashes after we are buried fertilize the soil for future generations.

What are my prospects here? How shall I, whose hands are white and soft, compete with the brawny-armed, sun-burned men who get their living from the soil? Shall I, who have been devoting my thoughts and energies to other work hope to excel those who have spent their lives behind the plow? They are scarcely making both ends meet at payday, though scrimping and saving and toiling with all their strength. How shall I, with my daintiness, girlish, city wife, fight the battle here to a successful finish?



My First Night in the Old Farm House.

My friends have no hopes of my success with such a forlorn venture. They expect to see me sold out by the sheriff within a twelve month. Are they right? No; they are wrong. I will succeed. I must succeed. I will bend every nerve; I will strain every muscle; I will think and study. There is some way out, if I only find it, and find it I will!!

The next morning opened clear, bright and cheerful, and supplies soon arriving I was prepared to keep bachelor's hall for several weeks, not desiring to bring my young wife, who was a city girl accustomed to city ways, to such a place until it had been improved.

A Nursery Business Established

When we first went to the farm we had little idea as to what business we should conduct there. It occurred to us subsequently, owing to the demand upon us from our neighbors and friends for strawberry and other plants, that it would be possible to issue a list of such as we had for sale. We also found a demand among our neighbors for trees of various kinds, to a limited extent, therefore, we included a few of these.

At first we simply issued a small price list on a very small sheet, a very modest affair as you can imagine. We not only distributed these to our neighbors but to our friends and acquaintances in different parts of the country, to the extent of perhaps five hundred. This small sheet was enlarged year by year until it assumed the shape of a presentable catalogue.

Business did not come with a rush. It is well that it was so. All enterprises must have a small beginning. We know of business houses that are doing immense business, taking in the entire

world, and we are apt to imagine that their business was always as large. If we could examine into the history of these large business houses we should find that in the beginning they started in a very modest manner. This is the history of ninety-nine one hundredths of all the large business establishments of the world.

This was our experience. We began business under the firm name of Green's Nursery Company. We were surprised each year by the steady increase of the business, which amounted to full twenty-five per cent. increase every year.



A Life Work. No one should commence this business unless he expects to make it a life work, for the reason that every year's work increases the prospect of future rewards. In advertising, whether by catalogue or by newspapers, that which is done this year will help business for many years to come.

The rewards are not remarkable in this line of business, but to him who has patience the opportunities for advancement are good. At the same time all cannot hope for the same success. They are comparatively few who are endowed by nature with business ability. Some are financiers naturally; some are not. It requires more ability to manage a plant business or even a fruit business than to conduct farming, hence the advisability of beginning in a small way to learn what your capacity is for such enterprises.



Profit in Fruit Growing. There is no business for rural people so profitable, in my estimation, as the growing of choice fruits by intelligent and well informed men who make that their business and who aim to be thor-



oughly informed along that line. It is not only profitable in itself but every tree a man plants on his farm adds to the value of that farm.

Is not this plain to every one? Take for instance a farm of one hundred acres without any trees upon it. Such a farm may furnish an income of say one thousand dollars to the owner each year. This same farm devoted entirely to fruit culture, with orchards of apples, pear, plum, cherry, fields of grapes, raspberry, strawberry, currant and gooseberry, should bring to the owner an annual income of \$5,000 or five times the amount that would be secured by farming.

Again, notice how attractive the farm has been made by these orchards and vineyards and berry fields. Observe how much pleasanter such a farm is for a family to live upon than one almost entirely barren of such luxuries. Is it not clear that there is no use to which a farm can be put that is so desirable, so attractive and so profitable as fruit culture?

Nevertheless, I should very much dislike to exaggerate the prospects of profits from fruit culture. It is not well for a fruit grower to begin fruit growing with expectations of great profits. There are drawbacks in fruit growing as in all other business. My advice is to plant fruits expecting better rewards than from farming. This can certainly be relied upon, provided you understand the business.



The Satisfied Patron. When we first began the nursery business we received a small order from a man in the state of Maine. This man's name and the circumstances regarding his order made an impression upon our minds, owing to the fact that he was the first man who ever sent us an order from a distance. It is a pleasure for us to notice that he has continued to be a patron ever since. It should be the aim of every one starting as we started, to treat every

patron so that he shall not only always continue a patron but that he shall induce many others to become patrons. This is the foundation rock on which all business enterprises should be built.

When I first began my nursery work I had much to learn. I made it a point to instruct myself in all the details of nursery work. Thus in my early experience I remained in the fields budding, grafting, pruning, planting or in fitting the ground and laying out plans in general. This was a wise course undoubtedly. No one is competent to manage a large business unless he knows all the details of the work.

Strange Things About Trees

There are a thousand things that a man must learn before he can legitimately call himself a practical nurseryman. Such a man should be a student of nature. He must understand the philosophy of growth and of life. Yet many men start in the nursery business with little or no experience.

Nature does not reveal her secrets except through a struggle. There have been many theories as to plant and tree growth that have proved to be erroneous. There are many yet to be discovered which have not been dreamed of.

I am an investigator and a careful observer. Thirty years ago I read an essay before the American Pomological Society at Grand Rapids, Michigan, calling attention to the fact that trees are conscious, that they have sensations and that there are many reasons why trees grow better for some people than for others. At that time I had never seen anything from other men to back up the thoughts I expressed at this meeting, but since then many writers and investigators have proved the stand I took. It is now proved absolutely certain that trees have something that takes the place of eyesight, something in the place of hearing, and something in the place of consciousness.



Trees are gregarious, they do better when grouped. There was a time when the trees and all the vegetable kingdom were not distinguishable from the animal kingdom. They all appeared to be practically the same. Many million years ago the animal and vegetable kingdoms divided and finally came to their present separate condition. This makes us brothers to the trees and plants.

The man who loves trees and other products of the nursery will produce a better product than the man who is simply planting and selling objects in which he takes no particular delight.



The Man Who Loves Trees. I have a special affection for the trees and plants which I produce. I associate with them and study their wants. It distresses me to see a tree slaughtered or marred. I am an enthusiast over new fruits and make a special study of varieties and the localities in which certain varieties best succeed and how far north varieties may be safely planted or how far south.

Here is my answer to the question why is this thus, or why do trees and plants from certain nurseries thrive better than those from other nurseries. The answer is that trees from certain nurseries are more scientifically grown and cared for. Further than this, greater care is taken in digging, packing, pruning and planting. As president of Green's Nursery Company I have felt towards my trees and plants something as a father would feel towards his children, therefore I am never more happy than when I see them prosper.

A Man's Job.—Why are there not more nurserymen? There are few who have selected the nursery business. The reason is that this business has not paid good profits, the risks are great. It demands high executive ability, also men not afraid of hard work, men who can wait long for their reward, men who can see into the future, men accustomed to hardships. I have worked all night to save a car of trees that otherwise might have perished. I have taken as much pains to see a box of trees well packed as a mother would in tucking up her babies on a cold night. I have chased after wagons on their way to the express

station to inspect them and to see that each box or package has started right. As a result millions of plants and vines have gone out from Green's Nurseries to almost every part of this continent, embellishing rural, village and city homes. Numerous vineyards, berry fields and orchards testify to our careful growing and shipping.

Our pleased patrons are our best advertisers. There was Mr. Babcock. Timidly and with some doubts he sent us a small order. It pleased him at first sight. When the trees fruited he found all true to name. He told his neighbors and they sent in their orders. Finally that entire fruit section was sending us orders for plants, vines and trees. This is the way the business of Green's Nursery Company has grown. Think of the satisfaction I take in feeling that I have added millions of dollars to the wealth and beauty of this country. While we started in a small way, we now run four nursery farms. To-day we employ four two-horse teams and several motor trucks to transport trees from the fields to our packing or cold storage buildings. Whereas we used to dig trees with spades, to-day twelve horses are hitched to a big tree digger which does the work of many men.

I claim to have knowledge of varieties, having been associated with them all through my long life. I have attempted in my catalogue, the making of which is a most difficult matter, to show only such varieties as are peculiarly valuable and suited to various locations. I am thus in a position to be the advisor of those who eat fruit or grow fruit. I am in a position to be helpful and am disposed to be helpful.



TREES.

"I think that I shall sever see
A poem as lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

What Satisfied Customers Say About Green's Nursery Co.

Green's Nursery Co.: Enclosed please find my order for nursery stock. I have sent you an order for trees every year for the last twenty-five years. I have most all kinds of fruit trees, berry bushes and grape vines on my farm and they were all purchased from Green's Nursery Company. Joseph Schwille, South Gilboa, N. Y. February 22, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co. Enclosed please find my order for this spring. I will plant nothing but Green's trees. Joseph Foerter, Roanoke, Illinois. February, 28, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: I am a customer of yours of nearly forty years' standing. I dealt with you in the 80's and visited your country place in 1885. Some years I am unable to order but I order whenever I can. It helps to keep off old age to see your glowing pages and to turn over fresh earth. T. C. Robinson, Wiar-ton, Ontario, Canada. March 1, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: The pear trees I ordered of you came in recently and they are the nicest trees I have received from any nursery for the last three years. I have room for fifty plum trees and ten pear trees. The plum trees I received from you three years ago out-grew and outbore anything I have ever seen. Jno. Hebel, Houston, Texas. February 16, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: I bought trees from you many years ago when I lived in Oregon. They always grew well. Joseph Windle, El Dorado, California. February 20, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: My order of nursery stock is received and in good condition. We are always pleased with goods bought from you. The plantings of other seasons are all growing nicely and not one article has failed to grow. Irma B. Braucher, Greensburg, Pa. April 11, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: I have made a number of purchases from you in the last fifteen years and I have never lost a plant or tree, and I want the enclosed order from your nursery. J. H. Schisler, Colorado Springs, Colorado. March 14, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: My order of 100 trees arrived a few days ago and they

are a fine lot of trees and I am very well satisfied. I want to order more of them. I want nothing but first class trees and I depend on your company to give me a square deal as you have always done in the past. O. J. Haeuser, Thiensville, Wisconsin.

Green's Nursery Co.: I never got anything from Green's Nursery Co. that was not true to name, and I am an old patron. Wm. C. Barger, Altoona, Pa. March 11, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: We were well pleased with stock received from you last spring—never saw finer trees, and they thrived in spite of extreme dry weather. Herman E. Day, West Lebanon, Pa. March 10, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: Enclosed find an order for some trees. They are to be planted on my old homestead now owned by Governor William C. Sproul, of Pennsylvania. I have always been pleased with your trees. That is why I want more. Thomas Shepherd, Dingman's Ferry, Pa. March 10, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: I have bought trees from you for twenty-five years and have only lost one peach tree. Enclosed please find another order. J. R. Krabill, Wadsworth, Ohio. March 13, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: The two orders of trees I received from you are doing fine. Enclosed see order for more trees. John C. Iddings, St. Clairsville, Ohio. March 13, 1922.

Green's Nursery Co.: Our home until last summer has always been in New York state, and from you we have had from time to time orders filled that were most satisfactory. The new location does not change the patronage. You will find our order enclosed. A. A. Danolds, Wallingford, Vermont. March 11, 1922.

Twice in the last season we had customers on the phone who purchased stock from you and they remarked of the fine stock and fine treatment they had received from Green's Nursery. On the strength of this the writer had the pleasure of recommending a customer to your nursery last week.

The North-Eastern Forestry Co.,
F. S. Baker, Manager.
Cheshire, Conn.

Success with Grape Vines for the Home

Several years before our little girl was born, and when the home where she lives was a new home, and its surrounding grounds sparsely planted, an advertisement was seen in the fruit catalogue of Green's Nursery Co. of several young grape vines at a low price. It seemed most too good to be true, but we happened to know that the firm who advertised this offer is a reliable firm, so we sent the money.



The grapes came promptly. With the inexperience of beginners in the fruit-growing game the vines were set out in a row very close together. A trellis was built for the vines with tall poles bearing rustic bird houses at the ends.

The vines flourished. Each spring an experienced neighbor comes in to prune the rampant growth of tendrils with a firm hand. He has shown us just how to separate, flatten out and tie fast the remnants of the pruned stalks, before the sap starts flowing. The result of this attention in early springtime is a neat, flat screen that soon is covered with delicately-tinted young leaves, pink opal or delicate green in color at first, and graceful tendrils and sweet-smelling blossoms.

The grapes have borne fruit before, but never have they been so heavily-laden with fruit as this autumn. Thick with clusters of grapes from end to end, you get the delicate aroma of their fragrance before you come near the trellis. Delicious grapes from the time the Moore's Early black fruit tempts the appetite, to the last of the Concord in late autumn. There are purple Wordens tantalizingly sweet. But the grape of grapes that our little girl likes is the white Niagara. There are two of these vines, bearing a rich yield of heavy bunches of transparent-looking, pale, greenish-yellow grapes unrivaled for sweetness and flavor; at least our little girl thinks so. So long as the supply holds out she begins her day with a bunch of white grapes to start her "brefust" right. They are solid and cold to the touch, picked fresh with the chill of frost on them. She eats them with great relish and says, "Um-m! I like grapes!"

"Plant a tree" is a very good motto to all home builders. Plant many of them. Plant fruit trees, bushes and vines. Their rich yield will repay you a thousandfold.—Gamma Kappa.

By courtesy of the Altoona "Tribune," Altoona, Pa.

"Honest Trees at Honest Prices," has been Mr. Green's Motto for More Than Forty Years

INTERESTING NOTES

By Charles A. Green and Others

Path to the Tree.—There is no danger of your forgetting the path that leads to the luscious and productive peach tree or grape vine or Harvest apple.

A Wise Adventure.—Planting a few trees or vines in your fruit garden is a safe adventure. You cannot lose by it.

Green's Health Hint.—Start a fruit garden. It is worth more than medicine and will do much to keep you fit.

Plant One More.—This is a watchword sent out all over this great fruit growing country. You need more trees. I need more, the country needs more, but the number is constantly decreasing. What will the end be?

There are 110,000,000 birthdays in the United States every year. If one tree should be planted for each birthday what a forest of beautiful and fruitful trees would result.

FORTY YEARS OF PLAYING FAIR

GREEN'S NURSERY COMPANY

The Most Valuable Guarantee

What you seek in Nursery Stock is that it be strong, hardy, healthy and absolutely true-to-name.

The greatest assurance, (worth infinitely more than the strongest looking guarantee) is the reputation back of Green's Nursery Company.

Our experience extends over almost half a century. In planting, growing and nurturing stock, Chas. A. Green and his organization have for years been authority for methods and foremost in results. To this thousands of large orchards and hundreds of thousands of customers attest.

In Green's Nurseries there is no compromise. Everything we grow must be the best; everything we ship must truly represent us. We cannot afford to risk a valuable reputation, gained in a lifetime of effort, for the sake of a single sale.

Likewise in our system of digging, storing and shipping nearly 50 years of experience has developed methods that many times check and re-check against the possibility of human mistakes.



Therefore, Green's quality is beyond question. Green's assurance of condition of stock and that it will be true-to-name can and does mean that you will get highest grade stock true-to-name.

CHARLES A. GREEN, President

Green's Nursery Co.

Rochester, N. Y.